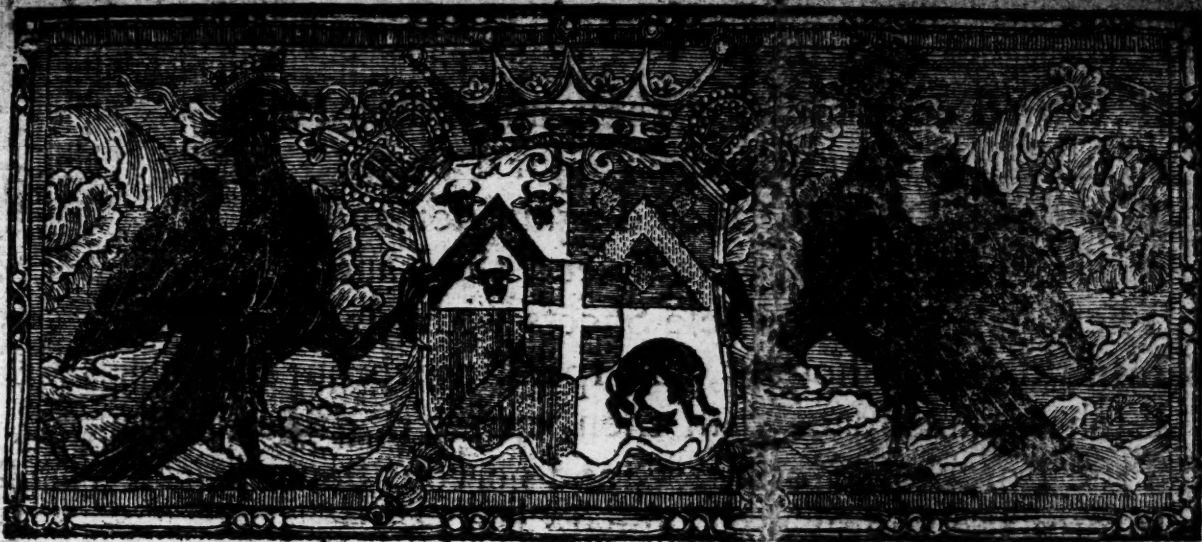




To the Reverend

57

Doctor SWIFT,

Dean of St. *PATRICK's*.

With a Present of a Paper-Book, finely bound, on his BIRTH-DAY, November 30, 1732.

TO thee, dear *Swift*, these spotless Leaves I send;
Small is the Present, but sincere the Friend.
Think not so poor a Book below thy Care,
Who knows the Price that thou can'st make it bear?
Tho' tawdry now, and like *Tyrilla's* Face,
The specious Front shines out with borrow'd Grace,
Tho' Paste-boards glitt'ring like a tinsel'd Coat,
A *Rasa Tabula* within denote;
Yet if a venal and corrupted Age,
And modern Vices, shou'd provoke thy Rage,

If

If warn'd once more by their impending Fate,
 A sinking Country, and an injur'd State,
 Thy great Assistance thou'd again demand,
 And call forth Reason to defend the Land;
 Then shall we view these Sheets with glad Surprise,
 Inspir'd with Thought, and speaking to our Eyes:
 Each vacant Space shall then, enrich'd, dispence
 True Force of Eloquence, and nervous Sense;
 Inform the Judgment, animate the Heart,
 And sacred Rules of Policy impart.
 The spangled Cov'ring, bright with splendid Ore,
 Shall cheat the Sight with empty Show no more,
 But lead us inward to those golden Mines,
 Where all thy Soul in native Lustre shines.
 So when the Eye surveys some lovely Fair,
 With Bloom of Beauty grac'd, with Shape and Air,
 How is the Rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her Form excel'd by her Celestial Mind.



1648.3.15*

VERSES

Harvard College Library
 May 7, 1912.
 Gift of
 Charles Jackson
 of Boston

VERSES left with a Silver Standish, on
the Dean of St. *Patrick's* Desk, on his
Birth-Day.

HITHER from *Mexico* I came,
To serve a proud *Iernian* Dame.
Was long submitted to her Will,
At length she lost me at *Quadrille*.
Thro' various Shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have Rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the Patriot Dean.
And sometimes got within his Door,
* But soon turn'd out to serve the Poor:
Not stroling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry, decay'd.
At length an Artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the Shape you see.

This done, to *Hermes* I apply'd,
' O *Hermes* gratify my Pride,
' Be it my Fate to serve a Sage,
' The greatest Genius of his Age:
' That matchless Pen let me supply,
' Whose living Lines will never die.

I grant your Suit, the God reply'd,
And here he left me to reside.

* Alluding to 500 l. a Year lent by the Dean, without Interest, to poor
Tradesmen.

Sent with a Quill to the DEAN of St.
Patrick's, upon hearing he had re-
ceived a Present of Ink and Paper.

SHALL then my Kindred all my Glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal Fame?
To every Art my gen'rous Aid I lend,
To Musick, Painting, Poetry, a Friend:
Celestial Sounds of Rapture I inspire,
When fix'd to strike the sweetly warbling Wire.
I to the faithful Canvas have consign'd,
Each bright Idea of the Painter's Mind;
Behold, from *Raphael's* Sky-dip'd Pencils rise
Such heavenly Scenes, as charm the ravish'd Eyes.
O let me now aspire to higher Praise,
Ambitious to transcribe your deathless Lays;
Nor thou, immortal Bard, my Aid refuse,
Accept me as the Servant of your Muse:
Then shall the World my wond'rous Worth declare,
And all Mankind your matchless Pen revere.

F I N I S.

Dublin: Printed by George Foulkner in Essex-Street, 1733.